

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.



VOL. X.]

Saturday, February 17, 1810.

[NO. 17.]

From the London Sporting Magazine.

THE DEAD SHOT;
OR,
THE LONG PACK.

A tale, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

(Concluded.)

ALICE also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was continuing on his course; but as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak; but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and in no little terror and agitation of mind, loosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene

is impossible; he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor. The most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle, and staring at his companions.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes assertions rather doubt-

ful. They made all possible expedition in extricating him, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late, the vital spark was gone forever. "Alas!" said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer, to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody's* son, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruit of. Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat; a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart.—"Alas," said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up, was artful and curious. His knees was brought up parallel to his waist, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat box; another hat box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy between his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pis-

tols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him a villain," said he again, softening his tone, "for he is now gone to that bar, where no false witness, nor loquacious orator can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. We can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind maker and preserver, that he was discovered, else it is probable that none of us would have seen the light of a new day." These moral reflexions from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward; he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith it was lucky that I shot," said Edward, but neither of his companions answered good or bad. Alice, though grown desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair, than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols around, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these," said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," answered Richard.—"Faith it was a mercy that I shot, after all" said Edward, "for if we had

loosed him out, we should have all been dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of those empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme to murder us, and rob our master's house," replied Richard, "there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two.

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through, and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he would work amongst them with Copenhagen; how he would make some to lay with their head in their arms, blow the nether jaws from one, and scatter the brains of another: how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on like the work of a wind-mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot, but the plaguy long time he always lost in loading, would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance; two or three others to shoot and keep them at bay, while he was loading, and the impulse of the moment was Edward's mo-

nitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had twenty five men in the house, and sixteen loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed among the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitchforks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call, so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance.

The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their masters great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but He who surveys and over-rules futurity,

could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and fluttered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked, and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe, by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds, as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached, to the noise of thunder, and in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to their account, exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the watch word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed, they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception they had met with. Edward and his comrades ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that

their horses had taken fright at the noise, and galloped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one; they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures, moaning, and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, who appeared to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their post without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them

ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within side the gate, endeavouring to get up and escape.

They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entered their brains; they were so indiscreet, as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious uncertainty until the opening day discovered to them by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people gathered about the house, some enquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel

had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. H. the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then, indeed advertisements were issued, and posted up in all public places, offering rewards for the discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late, all was secured. Some, indeed, were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done; but certain it is, sundry of these were never more seen or heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the park, lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Billingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave

was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham; and Edward was made the colonel's game-keeper, and had a present of a fine gold-mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and retired upon half pay. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer; generous and open hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his side and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the LONG RACK.

THOUGHT.

A habit of serious thinking, arms us at all points, and plants security round our virtue, in the moment of our greatest danger, when our minds are carelessly unbent, and most accessible to passion and vice.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH.

(Continued.)

The Registrar observed that at least six men from the guard would be requisite; and the adjutant, without being at all confounded, acquiesced in the justice of the remark, and gave orders for them to be called out. On *reflexion*, however, and remembering, as it were, the laws of chivalry and honour, he addressed himself to Sir Sidney, saying: "Commodore, you are an officer—I am an officer also—your parole will be enough; give me that, and I have no need of an escort."

"Sir," replied Sir Sidney, "if that is sufficient, I swear upon the faith of an officer, to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me."

Every one applauded this noble behaviour, while Sir Sidney and his friends, found considerable difficulty in maintaining a serious deportment.

The keeper now asked for a discharge, and gave the book to M. P —, who boldly signed it, with a proper flourish, *L'Oger, Adjutant-General*; Sir Sidney in the mean time employing the attention of the turnkeys, and gratifying them with presents, to pre-

vent them from having leisure to reflect. The Registrar and keeper accompanied the party as far as the second court. At length the last gate was opened, and they were left alone, after a long interchange of ceremony and politeness.

They instantly entered a hackney-coach, and the *adjutant* ordered the coachman to drive to the suburb of St. Germain : but the fellow had not gone an hundred paces before he broke one of his wheels against a post, and hurt an unfortunate passenger. This unlucky accident brought a crowd around them, who were very angry at the injury which the stranger had sustained. They quitted the coach, took their portmanteaus in their hands, and went off in an instant. Though the people observed the party much, they did not say a word to them, but only abused the coachman. When the latter demanded his fare, M. L—, through an inadvertency that might have caused them to be arrested, gave him a double Louis d'or.

Having parted when they quitted the carriage, Sir Sidney arrived at the appointed rendezvous, with only his secretary and M. de Phelipeaux, who had joined them near the prison ; and M. de Phelipeaux having justly observed that there was not a moment to be lost, he postponed till another opportunity his expressions of gratitude to his deliverers, and imme-

diately set off for Rouen, where Mr. R. had made every preparation for their reception.

At Rouen Sir Sidney and his friends were obliged to stay several days ; and as their passports were perfectly regular, they did not take much care to conceal themselves ; but in the evening walked about the town, or took the air on the banks of the Seine.

Every thing being ready for him to cross the channel, Sir Sidney quitted Rouen, and without encountering any further danger, arrived in London, in May, 1798, together with his clerk, and his friend, M. de Phelipeaux, who could not be prevailed upon to separate. He was welcomed in England by the general congratulations of the people. His arrival was considered as a miracle which few who heard of it knew how to believe. His sovereign received him with the warmest affection, and afforded him every mark of attention, not only by his behaviour at his public presentation, but by honouring him with an immediate and private interview at Buckingham-house.

In the month of June following, Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of the *Tigre*, one of the French ships captured by lord Bridport, off Port L'Orient, in the action of the 23d of June, 1795. In November, he sailed for the Mediterranean, and received a dis

distinct command as commodore, on the coast of Egypt.

He soon after sailed for Constantinople, where he met with the most friendly reception from the Turks, to whom he had before recommended himself by his generous and gallant conduct. He was accompanied in this expedition by his friend, colonel Phelipeaux, who would never leave him; and when Bonaparte made his irruption into Syria from Egypt, and laid siege to St. John d'Acre, Phelipeaux, by Sir Sidney's desire, repaired to Acre, to assist Djezzar, the pacha of that place, in the defence of the city.

Colonel Phelipeaux, who was an engineer of very great merit, and had been an officer of artillery under the old French government, caused the fortress of Acre to be repaired (which was fortified after the mode of the twelfth century) with courtines flanked with square towers. Captain Miller, of the *Theseus*, furnished the colonel with whatever means he could dispose of to repair this ancient bulwark of Syria. Nevertheless, these labours would most probably have been insufficient to sustain Djezzar against the attacks of the French, if, at the very moment when Bonaparte had finished the investment of Acre, the fleet of gun-boats which had on board the greatest part of his battering pieces and his stores, had not been taken by Sir Sidney. The French

flotilla was doubling Mount Carmel, when it was perceived by the *Tigre*, pursued, and soon overtaken by the fire from the ships; when seven of the vessels that composed it, struck their flag: a corvette and two smaller vessels made their escape. This loss, irreparable to the French, in the situation they were in, decided the fate of St. John d'Acre; for notwithstanding the state of defence in which colonel Phelipeaux had put the place, the boldness and intrepidity of the French in their attack, might have made up for the want of the heavy artillery, and all the machinery necessary to press on a siege; but it is evident that these objects, so necessary to the French, not only lost and destroyed, but taken and transported for the defence of the same place, ought, if they were well employed, to make the balance of means turn on the side of the besieged. The cannon and stores were landed immediately, and the vessels that conveyed them, armed, and employed to harass the French posts established on the coast, in order to intercept or disturb the communications and convoys.

Sir Sidney Smith had gone on shore to give every possible assistance in his power towards the defence of the place; and it was, no doubt, in a great degree, owing to the assistance afforded by Sir Sidney, and the brave Englishmen under his command, that Acre was saved, and Bonaparte, for once,

foiled in all his attacks. The French opened the trenches to the east of the town, on the 20th of March, and pushed their works at first, with so much activity, that on the ninth day after they had effected, what they hoped to be, a practicable breach; but they failed in the assault, and a greater part of the officers who headed the attack, perished under a most dreadful fire.

(To be concluded next week.)

Communicated for the Miscellany.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE FAUSTUS ASSOCIATION celebrated its anniversary, on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 3, at the *Exchange Coffee-House*. Boston. An appropriate ode was composed for the occasion, by R. T. PAINE, Jun. Esq.

The celebrity of Mr. Paine cannot be augmented by any praise of ours. When the founders of the Federal-street Theatre, to incite the genius of the nation, proposed a medal for a prologue, Mr. Paine, although a stripling, entered the lists, and bore away the palm. The gentlemen selected for arbiters, and who unanimously awarded the prize, possessed a pure and refined taste, and impartial and enlightened minds. Since that signal triumph of his muse,

he has occasionally written and published odes, songs, and poems, whose general successes has been wholly unrivalled in America. He is now revising and enlarging what is already in the hands of the public, and is adding some new pieces of great merit; the whole of which will be shortly issued from the press of Mr. Belcher, in an octavo volume. Mr. Paine is now wholly devoted to his books and his muse, and if his feeble constitution does not prematurely yield, he will raise a monument to our national glory, whose splendour will dissipate the boetian darkness which has hitherto so generally shrouded the genius of our literature.

The present ode was written at the request of the Faustus Association, upon a short notice. It flashed from the poets pen at a single heat. But it is nevertheless, pregnant with the history of the art which it celebrates, with allusions and illustrations, vigourously bold, and classically beautiful: and notwithstanding the shackles of writing to music, the style is masculine and poetic.

The great stages of the art are poetically described in the three first verses: to each of which, there is an appropriate chorus. Printing upon blocks, with immoveably types, was invented by the descendants of Noah, "on the tent-plains of Shinah," and was nearly coeval with the first rude

essays at agriculture. But the art remained in this state of imperfection, till "father FAUST broke her table of wood," and invented the moveable type. In succeeding generations, the art received various improvements, prior to the era of *Franklin*, who first united the genius of Philosophy to the art of the Mechanic.

How would antiquity hide her diminished head, could she rise from the grave, burst her cearments, and survey the comforts and elegancies which flow from the art and science of modern life? Her heroes and sages would shed "tears of blood on the spot where the world they had led," at their limited means of greatness; but they would with holy aspirations, bless the "genius of type," which has so wisely diffused their glory, and so permanently enbalm'd their fame.

The concluding verse impresses a salutary lesson, and conveys a noble moral. We fervently hope that the lesson and the moral will not pass unregarded by the conductors of literary and political journals; for they stand at the fountain of public opinion, and direct the course of its torrents.

ODE

Tune—"Adams and Liberty."

ON the tent-plains of Shinah, truth's mystical clime,
When the impious turret of Babel was shatter'd,

Lest the tracks of our race, in the sand-drift of time,
Should be buried, when Shem, Ham, and Jaseph, were scatter'd—
Rose the Genius of Art,
Man to man to impart,
By a language that speaks through the eye to the heart.

CHORUS.

Yet rude was invention, when Art she reveal'd,
For a block atamp'd the page, and a tree plough'd the field.

As time swept his pennons, Art sigh'd as she view'd

How dim was the image her emblem reflected;

When inspired father Faust broke her table of wood,

Wrought its parts into shape, and the whole reconnected;

Art with mind now could rove,

For her symbols could move,

Ever casting new shades, like the leaves of a grove.

CHORUS.

And the colours of thought in their elements run,

As the primitive glass shows the hues of the sun.

In the morn of the west, as the light roll'd away

From the grey eve of regions by bigotry clouded,

With the dawn woke our Franklin, and glancing the day,

Turn'd its beams thro' the mist with which art was enshrouded;

To kindle her shrine,

His promethean line

Drew a spark from the clouds, and made printing divine!

CHORUS.

When the fire by the rod was attracted from heav'n,

Its flash, by the type, his conductor was given.

Ancient wisdom may boast of the spice
and the wood,
Which embalm'd the cold forms of its
heroes and sages,
But their fame lives alone on the leaf
of the reed,
Which has grown through the clefts in
the ruins of ages ;
Could they rise, they would shed,
Like Cicero's head,
Tears of blood on the spot where the
world they had led.

CHORUS.

Of Pompey and Cesar, unknown is the
tomb,
But the type is their forum—the page
is their Rome.

Blest genius of type ! down the vista of
time,
As thy flight leaves behind thee this
vex'd generation,
Oh transmit on thy scroll this bequest
from our clime,
The press can cement or dismember a
nation,
Be thy temple the mind !
There like vesta enshrined,
Watch'd and foster'd the flame which
inspires human kind !

CHORUS.

Preserving all arts, may all arts cherish
thee,
And thy science and virtue teach men
to be free !

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A well-dressed sharper observ-
ing a servant-maid conversing
with a young man, two doors from
her mistress's house, and that she

had left the street door open, took
the opportunity of slipping in, and
stepped into a parlour, where an
elderly lady was sitting by the fire,
with two candles on the table in
silver candlesticks. Without the
least ceremony, he takes a chair,
and seating himself opposite to
her, began with saying—"Madam,
if you please, I will tell you an odd
story which happened a few nights
ago to a very worthy woman in
our neighbourhood. Her servant
maid was talking at a little distance
to a silly fellow, as your servant
now is, and had left her own door
open ; in the interim, in slips a
sharper, as I may do, and walks
into a room, where her mistress,
good woman, was sitting before
the fire, with two candles, as you
may do—well, he had not sat much
longer than I have done with you,
before he takes one of the candles
out of the candlestick, snuffs it out,
and puts the candlestick into his
pocket, as I may do now. The
good woman was planet-struck, as
you may be ; upon which he takes
out the other candle as I may do,
puts the candlestick into his pock-
et, as I shall do, and then wished
her a good night, which I do most
sincerely wish you. He was go-
ing out of the door, when the maid,
having finished her conversation,
was coming up the steps. He ac-
costed her, with saying, "My dear,
your mistress has rung twice for
you ;" and wishing her a good
night, went clear off with the can-
dlesticks.

THE FASHIONS.

Two great coats of the same size, color, and quality ; the outside one nicknamed a *cape*.

With the females, *bear skin* has taken the place of the *bare skin* of former times.

Our belles sport stockings with variegated *clocks*, and it is observed that these are the only *clocks* that will *keep time* during the present intense season.

The ladies continue to carry their pockets in their hands : but the gentlemen, this cold season, wear their hands in their pockets.

A person passing by the session house in the Old Balley, asked his friend what building it was ? " That," replied his friend, " is a house where they tell fortunes, and pretty correctly too ; for those whom they foretell will be *hanged*, seldom come to be *drowned*."

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a *puppy*.—" Likely enough," replied the lady, " for I heard, that by order of the doctor, he has lately taken to *bark*."

An honest Irishman seeing an undertaker bearing a very small

coffin, exclaimed with the utmost surprise, " *Sblood !* is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any *living* creature ?"

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 17, 1810.

The city Inspector reports the death of 74 persons, (of whom 22 were men, 20 women, 15 boys, and 19 girls) during the two weeks, ending on Saturday last :—viz. Of abscess 1, apoplexy 3, burnt or scalded 4, cancer 1, childbed 1, cold 2, consumption 15, convulsions 6, cramp in the stomach 1, debility 2, decay 4, dropsy 4, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, typhus fever 1, frost bitten 1, hives 5, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, liver disease 1, mortification 1, nervous head-ache 1, palsey 2, pleurisy 2, still born 9, teething 2, and 2 of whooping cough.

One of the still-born children in the above list, was found exposed in the *street !*

HORRID MURDER.

On Thursday, the 18th of January last, a most horrid murder was committed by John Roane, at his house, in King and Queen county, Virginia, within one mile of the court-house, by cutting the throat of his innocent wife, Mrs.

Agnes R. Roane, in the most savage manner. The circumstances attending this atrocious act, from the best information that can be had, are these : the morning of the same day that the murder was committed, John Roane appeared to be unusually fond of his wife, (that she might not suspect him) and after breakfast, rode to the Court-House, and asked Mr. Hoomes, an attorney at law, living there, to make his will. Mr. Hoomes asked him why he tho't of making a will, that he was a young man as yet, and healthy withall ; and thought it was time enough to think of that. However, Mr. Hoomes gratified him, and made his will. He returned home about two o'clock, and then immediately executed his horrid intention. There was no other white person in the house ; the servants were alarmed, and ran to the overseer's house, which was some distance from the dwelling-house, and begged the overseer to go to the house as soon as possible, for their master had killed their mistress. The overseer was afraid to go, but immediately sent to the court-house, for the gentlemen of that place to come over to Roane's as quick as possible, for he had killed his wife. When they arrived there, Mrs. Roane lay in a gore of blood, with her throat cut, and he the said Roane, lay within a few feet of her, apparently dead also ; but they soon discovered life in him, and found he had made too free with the ardent after commit-

ting the act, and he was beastly drunk.—He was taken care of that night, for fear he might destroy himself ; and during the night, he frequently would ask for his dear Agnes. One of the gentlemen told him she was in another room quite composed. He answered, she was dead, and that he did it.

The next day an inquest was held over the dead body, and it was judged that he, John Roane, was the murderer, and he was accordingly committed to jail. It has been expected by Roane's friends for several years, that he would murder himself, from his conduct, and many expressions he made to that effect, but he had not the resolution ; and it is tho't that he resorted to this savage act, that he might be compelled then to commit suicide, as he knew the consequences would be fatal.

To-morrow evening, at six o'clock, a charity sermon will be preached in the Roman Catholic church in Barclay-street, by the Rev. B. J. Fenwick, when a collection will be made for the benefit of the poor, under the care of the New-York City-Dispensary.

The Park Theatre, we understand, will be opened on the 22d inst. being the anniversary of the birth of Washington.

About 10 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, a building belonging to the Chymical Laboratory, near

Canal-street, was consumed by fire.—We understand the loss to the proprietor was inconsiderable. An adjoining building, occupied as a leather factory, was also destroyed.

A New-London paper of the 7th inst. mentions the following singular circumstance—"The second day after the cold Friday, fish were found frozen on the shores of the Niantick, in such large quantities, that a vessel was loaded with them, and they were sent to New-York to market. Such an instance has never before occurred to the knowledge of the oldest persons among us.

ERRATA.

In O. W.'s Essay on Charity, inserted in the Miscellany of last week, page 250, 2d column, for "*positively exists,*" read "*privately exists,*"—and page 251, 1st column, for "*not all the wreaths,*" read "*not all the wealth,*"—and in the next line, for "*Persia's gems,*" read "*Peru's gems.*"

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. L. Vanduyck, Jun. of the firm of Vanduyck and Ainslee, to Miss Eliza Durham, daughter of the late Mr. A. Durham, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 8th inst. by the rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr.

Masena Monson, of Huntington, (Conn.) to Miss Eliza Castle, daughter of Mr. Wm. Castle, of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Smith, Wm. W. Brooks, Esq. to Miss Mary Reed, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John Brower, to Miss Catherine Howell, daughter of Aaron Howell, Esq. all of this city.

DIED,

On Saturday morning, after a short illness, Mr. Daniel Van Antwerp.

On Sunday last, at West Chester, Mr. Beekman Van Beuren, in the 45th year of his age.

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, Mr. Clark Greenwood, Mathematical instrument Maker.

On Tuesday evening, Daniel E. Gale, aged 14 years, only son of Samuel Gale.

On the 13th of December last, on his passage to New Orleans, Philip L. Jones, Esq. formerly of this city.

On Sunday last, at Kip's Bay, Mrs. Sarah Mather, wife of Daniel Mather, aged 38.

On the 8th inst. widow Mary Ten Eyck, in the 96th year of her age.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE WAY TO WIN.

WOULD you engage the lovely fair,
 With gentlest manners treat her :
 With tender looks, and graceful air,
 In softest accents greet her.

Verse were but vain, the Muses fail,
 Without the graces' aid ;
 The god of verse could not prevail,
 To stop the flying maid.

Attentions by attentions gain,
 And merit care by cares,
 So shall the nymph reward your pains,
 And Venus crown your pray'rs.

SOLOMON.

—*—
From the Freeman's Journal.
 —

Messrs. Editors,

Your giving the following a place
 in your columns, will shew that you can
 feel for

MY TOES.

ME heartless Winter cannot please,
 Attended by its hoary snows ;
 For I am fearful, lest they freeze
 My Toes.

'Tis true, when Spring's soft showers
 descend,
 They'll wet and penetrate the clothes ;
 But Winter, that may put an end
 To toes.

Who would the snow-clad pathway
 brave,
 Prefer the loss of *these* to those ;
 Nor with his wardrobe part, to save
 His toes.

Our wardrobe we can soon recruit,
 But only let them once be froze ;
 We can't procure another suit
 Of toes.

Then Winter fly, that cannot feel,
 Nor one soft touch of pity knows ;
 But like a silent thief, would steal
 My toes.

Come, Spring, and let thy fragrant
 dews
 Their lovely, balmy sweets disclose :
 I'll hail their charms, nor fear to lose
 My toes.

Till Winter, like a furious pard,
 O'er earth again her dangers throws ;
 Then shall it be my care to guard
 My toes.

OTHELLO.

—*—
 COMMUNICATED.

TO MISS A** P*****, OF B——Y.

SAY, why, sweet creature, hangs that
 veil,
 So rudely flowing round thy snowy
 neck ;
 Is it thy glowing bosom to conceal,
 Or does it boast thy beauties to be-
 deck.

Oh no, sweet girl, so fair a form as
yours,

Where beauty blooms beyond con-
ception's sight,

Where charms reside which each fond
mind allures,

Where virtues shine which do my
soul delight ;

Can never need a veil of useless art,
To soften sweetness, pure as is thy
face ;

Nor can its boasted elegance impart,
One jot of bliss in thee such joy to
trace.

Indeed, methinks, if that was thrown
aside,

I might recline upon thy lovely breast,
And thus I'd sit, my fair one, by thy
side,

And thus I'd sing my soul and yours
to rest :

Adieu, ye gentle powers, all adieu ;
Adieu, ye winding ways and shady
groves,

For now so blest, I feel no wish for
you,

Nor envy him who silent sighing
reves.

Adieu, ye frisky, faithless sons of mirth,
And all ye sons of arrogant conceit ;
Adieu, ye sons of more exalted birth,
And all ye fair extravagantly sweet.

Adieu, ye mossy banks and seats of
grass,

Where oft I've linger'd, and as often
stray'd ;

Where no intrusive wanderer might
pass,

To hear me murmur, when I thus
have said—

"O ! that my A—— could my sorrows
know,

And feel one half I feel when here I
lie ;

O ! that in pity she would end my woe,
And make me happy once before I
die.

"Come then, dear girl, some kind pity
spare,
And listen to my tale of purest love ;
That I your present, future, bliss may
share,
And find on earth the joys that reign
above."

ALBERT.

ENIGMA.

WITH eyes above, and eyes below,
Our Maker did design us ;
With eyes on every side also,
Before us and behind us.

We oft are with the low and mean,
And often with polite men ;
And full as often are we seen
With black men as with white men.

We are not made of lead, or brass,
Tin, copper, silver, gold, ma'am,
Of steel, of stone, of wood, or glass,
So pray our names unfold, ma'am.

.....

Epitaph on an insignificant fellow.

Poor John Gray, below he lies !
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries ;
Where's he's gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
M'CARTY & WHITE

No. 46 FAIR-STREET—NEW-YORK—
in half-yearly volumes, containing twenty-
six numbers each, (issued weekly) at
One Dollar and Fifty Cents the volume.
Patrons at a distance to pay in advance.
Postage to be paid on all letters directed
to the Editors.